

PARCEL

He listens for the rumble
of the truck. He has lost
his high range but still
hears low sounds as well
as ever. A jet roars
up from the base nearby
which irritates him. He
can hear nothing else.
Again, he listens for the
truck, its rumble, brakes,
driver's door closing.
He's been waiting two
days. Maybe his parcel
is lost, stolen. His head
throbs. He feels foolish
& tries to give it up,
this painful yearning,
& be content with what
he has, but he can't.
He's 58 with the heart
of a six year old
waiting for Santa Claus.

DISCOUNT

Got a surprise this
morning when I stopped
at McDonald's for coffee.
Lady behind counter
handed me a cup, black,
& said 27 cents please.
I'm used to paying
65 & said you got a
sale on coffee? She
said no, senior discount.

LUNCH IN PARADISE

Perry & Joe went pig
hunting early this morning
over in Lake County.
I'd of gone too but
I had to drive to
Paradise. Promised
aunt Joyce & Mom's
friend Fran I'd take
them to lunch. Got there

early so I could drop
by cemetery for a
word with Mom & Dad.
Gave each a rose.
Dad's granite headstone
is stained by the red
dirt up there. Mom's
is still new looking.
The long hot drive home
gave me a chance to
identify a few of
duty's rewards. There were
poems dancing in the
ladies' lunch-time stories.

WISHFUL THINKING

Got my Levis, cowboy
boots, flannel shirt,
denim jacket, out-back
hat, sixgun, pickup
& Bear. All items
comfortably broken in
including me. Plan on
heading to Elko.
See if those rhyming
cowboy poets will let
me up on their stage.

LOST

At 4:30 this morning
driving sister & brother
in-law to train station
got lost in fog
twice going wrong way
up one-way streets.
Embarrassed me.
Thought I knew this city.
When we finally found
station the place was
locked & still as
a midnight morgue.